THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1339.

Original Poetry.

THE LOVER TO MOLLY GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID L. ROATH

Oh, I love you, Molly Gray,
Will you have me, Molly, pray?
If you don't, I know I'll die;
Then big tears will fill your eye,
You can't stop it—if further, they will fall in sorrow, Molly Gray.

If you'll have me, Molly Gray,
Let us quickly run away,—
For your pa despises me,
But we soon can let him see,
That no planet shines above me,
Molly Gray

I'm so money, Molly Gray,
My hand full I must say,—
But your pappy will relent,
When the cash you'll bring a spent,
And to-locks we are now,
Molly Gray

I must marry, Molly Gray,
Then I'll be happy every day,—
If he once my face doth see,
Carried out 2'll be,
Molly Gray

Oh, I love you, Molly Gray,
Will you have me, Molly say?
I will come when night doth fall,
Take you quickly o'er the wall,
Then we'll on the parson call,
Molly Gray.

LOCH KATRINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWIN HERIOT.

Pure chrystal stream! whose banks of ivy green,
Mid wild flowers, fringe thy beauty's peerless mien,
Tall forest trees from Summer's pastimes screen,
Monster vales with spreading branches shade
Where nature's spirit ever loves to dwell,
Where ancient worthies trod, and kindred dwell,
Where old timed hospitality abounded,
And deeds of strange adventure still resounded.

'Tis sweet to rove, as onward gently move
Thy rippling tide, the hermit's lonely cottage hail,
The trembling aspe, the canopy above,
Reflected on thy sparkling waters bright

From Nature's works, the heart to owner commune
With Nature's God, thy varied beauties rause,
For Genius to seek the artist's skull—to tune
The master's harp, and bring it to praise.

* A beautiful romantic spot in one of the old parishes of North Caroline, visited by the writer a few years ago.

Original Tales.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by D. Patterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED.

A Tale of Mesmerism.

CONTINUED

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER X.

After Agnes Wellmore parted from her lover, and commenced her journey of a few hours, to Boston, she took into a state of reverie as pass-ed as that was deep. For Ralph Farrel she felt not only a pure and earnest love, but she had a high respect for his character and intelligence. Her own mind was one of considerable strength, and she had been in the habit of reasoning with much accuracy from premises to conclusions and forming opinions for herself up to the time that her intimacy with Ralph commenced. After that, she began gradually to look at most subjects by means of his as well as her own intelligence, and inclined more and more to the habit of referring issues to his judgment instead of trusting to self-confidence herself. On Mona Florien's arrival at M——, Ralph became captivated by his wonderful performances, and, in this manner, another the feelings and judgment of Agnes rose ruled with his. She felt a strong repugnance to the whole thing, and, at last, was induced, almost to be mesmerized in order to avoid pain, in opposition to all the instincts of her nature. But after coming under the influence a number of times, notwithstanding the views of Ralph had become changed, and the young man strove hard to make her see the danger he apprehended from the use of what he now considered disorderly means. Agnes could see little or no harm in any agency, that he brought forward as the subject, as he did, her leaning toward mesmerism soon entirely obscured it. The reader has already seen to what extent she came under that influence before the left M——.

For about a month previous to the time of her journey for Boston, Agnes found that she could think of little else than mesmerism. She mused on the subject through the day and dreamed of it at night. There was a constant influx into her mind of ideas connected with this there agency which she could not exclude, even if she were, but in vain. The letters from Florien, which she regularly received, constantly furnished her with new views on the subject, and kept alive her interest. These letters were written with the skill of one who had an end to gain, and under stood well the influence that the mind exerts in the desirous of winning over to his own purposes. Their effect upon the mind of Agnes was all he could wish.

As we have just said, Agnes sunk into a deep and painful reverie. The fact of parting with Ralph, had agitated her heart, and awakened new emotions. She loved him deeply, purely, ardently. But she was conscious of now acting towards him with duplicity. She had deceived him in visiting Boston, she had concealed from him be-cause she knew that he would object in the strongest terms to her going, if he knew all that imagine the true reason. And besides, the act would naturally tend to awaken unjust suspicion in his mind. Florien, she thought of only as a man possessing a wonderful and almost supernatural power. What he said of mesmerism she fully believed. That was, therefore, inspired with an unconquerable desire to place herself in his hands, in order that she might become the me dium of bringing down from the unknown and invisible world the knowledge of things more wonderful than any had heard of even imagined of. This Florien assured her over and over again, would be the result, if she would permit her na-turally negative power of seeing with the eyes of her spirit, while her natural perceptions were in a state of quiescence, to come into their highest activity. It was in order to gain the advantages of this supernatural gift for developing this faculty that Agnes went to Boston. No other motive would have been strong enough to induce her to bear some two months' separation from Ralph; not even the hope of relief from the nervous pains she suffered. To part with her lover, under those circumstances, could not but produce sad-ness. Over and over again did she regret, before she reached the end of her journey, ever having left her home.

As a natural consequence, this state of mind led her to reflect upon the nature of her lover's objections to mesmerism, and to look at them more seriously than she had ever done. Over and over again had he expressed to her his belief, that where any one gave himself into the hands of a magnetizer, and permitted him to take away his freedom and his reason, were it for ever so short a time, his mind would be disturbed from its even balance, and he would be more inclined than previously, to let the magnetizer try his experiments upon him—if further, then this will business would increase in a ratio with the frequency of the experiments until he would become little more than a subject of the will of another To all this she had been in the habit of express-ing an unqualified dissent. But now, when cur-tain momentous of thought, that gave her to see more clearly what was her own true state in re-gard to mesmerism, she more than half admitt-d that these might be the danger he appeared so much to dread. This admission being made, it formed the plane for an influx of ideas that she had hitherto entirely shut out from her mind The more she thought, the more clearly did the force of Ralph's arguments strike her—arguments which were in her memory, present themselves. Regret for the unadvised step she had taken, next arose, and first had let to the wise conclusion not to permit Mona Florien to magnetize her until she had given the subject at least a week's careful reflection. She was not certain whether he would meet her, not having received the letter that declared his intention to do so, and she sin-cerely hoped he would not. In her then state of mind, she felt as if she would much rather find her way alone to her friend's house, than be escorted by him. It must be evident that she had a fear of coming into contact with him, lest his presence should dissipate the good resolution she had just formed. But Florien was too much interested in the fact of her arrival to forget the time. He was at the depot for the cars, and rea-dy to receive her.

"How glad I am to see you, my dear Miss Well more!" he said, grasping her hand.—"I have a carriage ready to convey you to your lodging. Come!"

To refuse this civility was out of the question. Even the wish to do so soon faded from the mind of Agnes The baggage was quickly placed be-hind the carriage, and they were soon on their jour-ney. The driver mounted his box, cracked his whip and away they dashed over the rattling pave ment. Her former agitation of mind Agnes found was too great to permit of conversation. Agnes shrank back in her seat, her companion sitting di-rectly opposite, and soon became lost in her own reflections. These for some time were clear and well defined, embracing the subject of her relation of duty to Ralph Farrel, Mona Florien, and Gurley. Her thoughts became dreamy and obscure, and she was conscious of an effort to arouse herself, but it was feebly made. A delicious languor stole over her, while all around became hazi-e chrystal and misty, mere soft and sweet than her ears had ever known, stole, with a delicious melody, upon what seemed nearly awakened senses.

When next fully conscious of her existence as a being in the natural world, Agnes found herself in a room, amid a crowd of people, with lights gleam-ing all around her. She was seated on a large rock ing chair, with her head reclining against the back, and very near to her sat Florien and a lady, both with their eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Agnes became immediately conscious of a jarring motion, and also of a heavy labouring, crashing, and rushing sound.

"Where am I?" she eagerly asked, making a motion as if about to rise.

"Do not be alarmed! Compose yourself, my dear young lady!" said Florien in a low earnest voice.

"But where am I?" she repeated, an expression of terror settling upon her face.

"You are safe, and with friends," returned Florien.

"Yes, with friends, and the lady, his companion, with a winning smile.

Agnes drew her hand before her eyes, and tried to collect her bewildered thoughts. She soon clear-ly understood that she was on board of a steamboat —but why she was there, and whether she was bound, were questions she tried in vain to answer. As she sat thus, she could distinctly perceive that a lan-guor was again stealing over both her body and mind. She made a strong effort to throw this off but without succeeding. A thought of what it was and whence it proceeded, flashed over her mind, and caused her to make a more resolute attempt to rise above it, but it was all in vain.

When agnes fully awake to what was passing around her, the motion of the boat, the crashing and labouring, rushing noise had ceased. All was still, and the daylight came softly in through a shaded win-dow. She was then upon the bed of the steam boat, but in a room, and reclining upon a bed Agnes now recollected, distinctly, her arrival in Boston, and her entering a carriage with Mona Florien to be conveyed to the house of the friends she had come to visit. From this point all was a blank, and she found herself in the cabin of a steamboat. Then came another blank; and now here she was, in a strange house in a strange place. "Gracious Heaven! What can it all mean?" she exclaimed, in a low, deep voice, when she fully understood the strangeness of her position, raising and looking around her with a wild, bewildered air.

The instant she spoke she heard a movement in the room. A lady who had been concealed from her view by the bed curtains, came quickly to her side, saying, with a smile, as she approached—

"Be calm, my dear young lady! You are with friends."

"But where am I?"

"Do not disturb yourself! In a little while you will know all."

"But what shall? Heaven help me! But this must be all a dream. Oh! that I could awake."

Agnes covered her face with her hands, as she said this and involuntarily sank back upon the bed. Her attendant remained silent and she again aroused herself, which she did after the lapse of two or three minutes.

"There has been some strange spell upon me," Agnes said, rising up in bed, and looking with an inquiring earnestness into the face of the woman who stood at the bed-side. "Something is wrong—wrong—wrong! For the love of Heaven! tell me what I am and where I am!"

The anxious expression of the young lady's face changed into a look of alarm—almost to terror, as Agnes excitedly scanned her attendant, and waited for her reply.

"Do not give yourself needless anxiety," replied the stranger, in a quiet voice, smiling as she spoke —"In a little while all will be explained to you. You are as safe as if in your own home."

"But whose home is this?" asked Agnes.

"It is my house," returned her companion.

"Your house?" Agnes shrank from the woman —"Then I am here with your consent."

"Yes. But you are safe from all harm."

"But why am I here? Tell me that!"

"Be patient, and in a little while all will be explain-ed. Your destiny is a high one, and you have only to your first step in the accomplishment of that des-tiny. Do not falter, nor pause, nor go back. You have a mission to perform—let me conjure you to perform it well!"

"You speak to me a strange language, madam!" said Agnes. But as she said this she remembered that words of similar import had been uttered in her ears by Florien. A dim light began to break upon her. But that was distant and vague, until the truth itself was fully revealed. She understood all, but shuddered at the cruel thing that had obscured her mind, lifted itself up and passed away.

"A destiny! A mission!" she murmured, again closing her eyes and thinking with all the energy she possessed. "Yes—yes—yes! I see it now. I have had my freedom! I am enslaved by a power that is wonderful in its mysterious potency. A mission! A destiny! God help me!" And a shudder ran through her frame. For some time she lay silent; then tossing up, she said, in an earnest, appealing tone,

"Oh! save me from this fearful destiny. You seem kind, and I will believe that you have a woman's heart! I have been wrongfully withdrawn from my friends. Neither my own consent nor mine has been obtained by those who first de-stroyed my consciousness and then took possession of my person. Set me free. Let me go back, and my heart will ever bless you! Oh! lady, let me not plead in vain." The poor girl clasped her hands in an agony of supplication. The distress was more than she had anticipated, and the woman could not have been the case had you remained with your friends. Be patient—be hopeful—be humble accepted by him. It must be evident that she had a fear of coming into contact with him, lest his presence should dissipate the good resolution she had just formed. But Florien was too much interested in the fact of her arrival to forget the time. He was at the depot for the cars, and rea-dy to receive her.

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"Be not grieve yourself," she said, with much tenderness, pressing her hand upon the white fore-head of Agnes as she lay upon the pillow. "You have no cause for grief. You have been removed from your friends, it is true, but in a little while you will be restored to them unharmed; and the world will be wiser for your brief absence. You know the wonderful gift you possess. It can now be brought into full and undisturbed exercise, which could not have been the case had you remained with your friends. Be patient—be hopeful—be humble accepted by him. It must be evident that she had a fear of coming into contact with him, lest his presence should dissipate the good resolution she had just formed. But Florien was too much in-ter

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

TERMS.

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Small Pictorial Evening Post for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Portfolio," a Weekly New Journal, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and copy of Graham's Magazine of Literature, Taylor's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Peters' Pictorial Magazine—or, one copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Portfolio," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send at their time through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

AGNES, OR THE POSSESSED.

We shall, in our next number, conclude this interesting story. We think something was needed to impress persons generally, and females in particular, with the danger they run by allowing themselves to be needlessly brought under the Mesmeric influence—and we believe that the publication of this tale of Mr. Arthur's, will be of great benefit in this respect. For, however the use of Mesmerism may be allowable in cases of disease, by practitioners of whose character the friends of the patient are fully satisfied, a point we have not yet understood in our own mind, the tampering with it merely for the gratification of so vile curiosity, is very much to be censured. How far it may be abused, in the case of such an influence in certain peculiar diseases, may be conjectural, or good, in the same manner that poisons are often useful as medicines; yet we think it evident, that when applied to persons in health, it creates a morbid susceptibility of the nervous system, which is highly injurious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Epitaph, &c. have been received from R. D. Mc. C. B. L., a Subscriber, and W. D. P.

Anonymous Communications.—Our correspondents J. B. Ansell, who observes that we already have published of the answers to the Arithmetical Question, is our last paper.

One word to our correspondents in general. We sometimes receive pieces that we are in doubt whether to refuse or to accept—such we commonly lay aside for a week perusal. If any one, therefore, begins to wonder what has become of his piece, he may imagine it simply reposing on " the doubtful shelf."

A PET DAY.

To-day, dear reader, is what has been happily called a pet day. The sun shone out after the dull rainy and snowy weather of some time past, with a most enchanting light. The air is bland, and yet sufficiently fresh not to enervate the body and the mind—and the city puts forth its delicate blossoms, in the shape of bonnets and parasols, which are the great bonefiers, the sole walks.—There, do not think that this is prose run mad, kind reader, or, if you do think so, add to this that there is a warm delicateness in the air, and an azure glory in the sky, enough to put a drop of madness in the veins of youth, and even for the sober blood of age. Why, on such a day, the most prosaic will grow poetic, and the coldest hearted give you a pleasant smile as you speak a kind word to him, as if he really could not help it. Such days, wrenching over with soft sorrow the rugged face of that unkindest of months, beleaguer, as it were, upon us a sense of something more than our due; something not stipulated for in the contract, and therefore unexpected. Some days ever and above the usual allowance, in order to keep men's spirits up, and prevent them from becoming so frozen and crabbed that it would take a month of Sundays to thaw them out with again. Or, perhaps, and this is a more plausible supposition, it is to give the ladies the liberty of the streets once more—and enable them to lay up a fresh stock of good humor, sunny smiles, and genuine gaiety; qualities which evaporate in time, if confined within the four walls of a dwelling. See, is it not the poet Young, who says

> " Damn shut up ware air,
> And spoil the flavor of the fruit."

Perhaps we have not quoted the passage quite correctly, but if it was more accurate, it might not answer our purpose quite so well.

And not only the men, and the women, but the children also, rejoice at such pet days. Rejoice, scarcely knowing but with a hearty happiness that cares not to learn from whence it springs. The school girls, these tweet, frolicsome creatures, that are so often spoiled in the process of being made into young ladies, look up into your face so archly at they pass that you are half tempted to believe they either have seen you, or else have some very mischievous plot against you. As for the boys, they are brave, there is no denying that, but still even they show that they enjoy the day, as they ought to be expected of bear cubs. See how they turn each other about, knock each other's hats over their eyes, and shew as a kindred other many ways how much they enjoy the sweetest day of the season. Ah, four or five years will pass away, and these rough cubs will, many of them, be shaped out into something resembling monkeys with little whiskers under their noses, their hands and little hats on their heads, and little, very little brains in their skulls. Rather a successful transformation that!

But such thoughts must not be allowed to obtrude in our reminiscences of our pet day. Let us call to mind that Providence may step into the active minded ones, and make love light myself, and yet with severance to the wholesome mischief-our school girls, now become expanded into young angels without wings, like rosebuds into roses, no—caterpillars into butterflies. Let us hope all this and more—let us hope that all future pet days, may be celebrated by the union of more hundred or two of these noble lads and girls—that all that Providence may have in store for them they may be able always to look back upon such occasions, with joyful tears as their eyes as upon the sunshine of days of their childhood.

A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

In recording the sanguinary occurrences of a strife with a people so singularly gifted, according to most accounts, with noble and honorable emotions as the Mexicans, it is pleasant to light occasionally upon a little incident which tends to prove, what nations at war with each other are so apt to forget, that our opponents are men and not demons. A letter published recently in the Mobile Advertiser, gives an account of this character. It says that one of the Louisiana Volunteers, who was wrecked on the Gadsden, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Mexicans, having been left by them on the seashore on the forced march to Tampico, was most kindly treated by the party who captured him. He was sent to Jalisa, where, however, he subsequently died His name is not given.

HOUSE SET ON FIRE BY WATER.

A dwelling in one of the Eastern States was recently set on fire by a glass globe filled with water, containing two small fishes. The globe hung where the rays of the sun fell directly upon it, forming a lens, or "burning glass," and a curtain happening to be in the focus was set on fire. Repeated experiments were afterwards made with the same globe. When filled with water and exposed to the sun, paper placed in the focus was instantly ignited; but when the water was emptied out the effect was not produced.

CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF

We had the pleasure, last Saturday evening, of being one of a numerous audience, collected for the purpose of listening to a lecture by Mr. Giles, upon the character of Falstaff. We say pleasure, either that we did not quite with the lectured, many of his remarks, for it is always instructive to listen to the opinions of an able thinker, even when his conclusions do not correspond with your own. Much of the discourse, however, was of a character that we could not dissent from. Giving a general analysis, in which the inevitable misery of allowing the soul to be brought under subjection to the senses and the sensualities was dwelt upon, were very well conceived and deeply impressive.

Mr. Giles alluded to the common opinion that Falstaff was a fighting, a coward and a liar—and then gave his reasons for not coinciding with the general judgment. But although his arguments were ingenious, and his allusions new by no means convinced by them. In granting that such was the common opinion, he stated, it seems to us, one of the strongest grounds for doubting it. In the drama

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, is the only Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin Territory.

Mr. H. T. CHAMBERLAIN, of Boston, is Agent for the Southern and North Western States.

Messrs. E. JAMES & Co. are Travelling Agents for the Southern and North Western States.

Messrs. Wright, William H. Wild, O. H. P. Rose, John B. Wild, T. L. Wentworth, Esq., are Agents for the Canadas, *James Dunlop, Isaac D. Gregor and John W. Hughes*, are Agents for Lower Canada, and *Thomas Allen*, for Montreal.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

THOMAS EVERSON is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES BUCK is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JOHN S ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE —UNACTIVE TRADE, with CONSTANT MARKET—LOAN TO THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT FROM ROTHSCHILD AND BARINGS—TIGHTNESS IN THE LONDON MONEY MARKET.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on last Sunday evening, bringing twenty-eight days later intelligence from England.

The British Government has effected a loan from the Messrs. Rothschilds and Barings, of £8, 000,000

The affairs of Ireland continue to absorb attention. The Chancellor of the Land Corps Bill for expending warrants, withdraws on railways in that country, was rejected by a majority of 4. Sir Robert Peel brought his sledge hammer logic to bear upon the whole scheme, and for a quarter's strokes knocked all coarse and practicability out of it. It was argued that the present distress was temporary, and the country would recall a measure based on the Imperial Exchequer; that the money market would be seriously taxed, and that though all its complicated articles, suffer paralysis by the adoption of the proposed law.

The chief topic of conversation, both in monetary and commercial circles, during the past week, has been the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered in the House of Commons on the 23d ult., the chief points of which are, that he cannot afford to remit any taxes, and must even find it necessary to lay on the last partial instalment of the China indemnity money fortunately falling due this year, (a sum of £1,200,000 sterling in the expenditure)—and that he requires a loan of £8, 000,000 for the service of Ireland for the year, and to be repaid by that country, and the other to be a grant from the Imperial Treasury.

The transportation system is to undergo a change as soon as may be necessary, to be carried out in the Indian colonies. Model prisons or penitentiaries at home, are on the point of being effected in short time, with subsequent employment on public works and conditional protection when liberated from the earnings of the prisoners to go towards affording them the means of emigrating, and their families, if they have any, may accompany them. Also a government scheme of education in meeting with strong opposition from the Dissenters.

The financial position of France is said to be most embarrassed. The deficiency for the present nearly thirty-nine millions of pounds sterling and the departure of specie from the country to meet the demands upon it. The Budget Committee, it is said, have condemned numerous items of expenditure as much as possible, but even their revision will show a deficiency of 160,000,000 francs, or sixteen millions sterling.

The price of bread in Paris has again been raised two centimes per kilogramme, or about 2 of a penny the lb. last.

The King of Naples has forbidden the exportation of wheat, as he had previously that of maize.

The Prussian Government has issued orders for purchases of rye from Russia, in order to reduce the price of corn.

The Pope has been elected Colonel of the civic guard of Rome.

The effective force of the French army is to be augmented by 10,000 men.

Wheat of the first quality is now selling at Leeber for 101s. the quarter.

The Spanish papers state that large quantities of maize have been shipped from Vigo, and other Galician ports, for England.

A quantity of fresh pork was received from New York by the United packet ship, Independence, at Manchester.

Miss Burdett Lale Miss Kemble, after having demanded £100 per night of Mr. Bunn, to perform at Drury Lane Theatre, London, got £40 at the Adelphi.

The Malta journals, brought by the Levant mail, express alarm at the small quantity of corn on the island, which does not exceed twenty days' supply.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered that no person shall be allowed to engage in his dominions without his permission.

In consequence of the high price of grain, the daily allowance of oats to cavalry horses has been reduced from two pounds to seven pounds, which will save annually 18,000 bushels of oats per annum on each regiment.

Mr. O'Connell.—Mr. O'Connell, it is said, is dying. The state of his health prevents his removal to the House of Commons. He is still in Dublin by express to attend him to London, where he now remains. His complaint is stated to be water on the chest and dropsy in the legs—fatal symptoms even at the last time of life. The number of inquiries daily at his hotel is great, and it is said a report from the palace it anxiously looked for. The span of life has already exceeded the three score and ten of the sacred volume, and the mental and physical wear and tear he has undergone during the last forty years, show that his constitution must have been originally of the most vigorous kind to resist the disease so long. Two things have enabled him to preserve health to his long-remembered existence and exercise. All excitement during his from treasonable agitation, he is studiously temperate and whosoever opportunity permitted he indulged in as much physical exercise as his strength and time to command. His end is dreaming to a close during the seventy-ninth month since he first appeared in his country; and the diminution of the unprecedented popularity in which he has been held, and the striking commentary on the instability of favor based on flattering the passions of an excitable people.

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It is gratifying to the Committee to be enabled to say that by means of the contributions which they have been instrumental in affording relief to upwards of three hundred thousand persons, and from town various parts of Ireland, filled with the most distressing details of want and misery, and it pointed to be obliged to add that upwards of the most additional sums have been daily, collecting them, in the most urgent manner, the present promptness and liberality in supplying food to the starving peasantry.

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And sometimes catch a Tartar.

Some sixty make the number many

And then propose with look demure,

The bet or stake to double;

Forgetting the while, that the more

The trick may have, the mule's a rogue

When betting is a bubble.

Tremp not yourself—still less your friends—

Where bets begin, attachment ends,

And up spring hate and quarrels.

Leave wagers to the black-leg tribe,

Lest with their passion you imbibe

A portion of their morals.

The War that ten of its Fans.—One of the regular soldiers of this season, at Paris, is the Countess Demidoff, a daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia. Some months since, her husband separated from her here, and returned to Florence—entry whence the rumor soon came that he was very attentive to a French Countess. The spirit of her father got the Princess off at once, on hearing the report confirmed. She arrived at Florence on the evening of a masked ball—disguised herself as a postilion—hastened to the inauguration saloon—and struck the Countess several blows across the face with her whip. The Prince undertook to avenge himself and shot her up. She exercised to write to his cousin, the Emperor Nicholas, who at once ordered the Prince to settle 45,000 per annum on her, give up her diamonds and not come to Paris so long as she may reside here. She has engaged a hotel in the Rue de Courcelles, and entrusts the management of her affairs to a young relation, to whom she has posed for a statue of *Joanna d'Arc*, which is to be exhibited at the coming salon.—*French Correspondent.*

Dr Meyer and his Piano.—Dr Meyer's somnic music box—his piano shell—stands outside of the Egyptian Hall, and attracts very general attention. Some wag in New Orleans, while the strange looking affair stood outside of the St. Charles Hotel set upon it the following legend: "For sale, a new and musical box of latest improvements. Apply to the Doctor within."

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Political Intelligence

Philadelphia Circus.—At the recent Ward election in this city, the Circus was the only question all before them. The county stands about as before.

Democratic supremacy. George Lippard did not get elected—and enough thinks.

New Hampshire.—The Democrats have elected their Governor by about a thousand majority. They have also carried the Legislature.

Latest Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

There is no great variety in the make of evening dresses this season, as far as the corsages are concerned; they continue to be worn very short in front, or berthe, and the sleeves very short; the skirts are very long, and of full dress, are trimmed with bands of diamonds, now so fashionable. Tunics of point d'Angleterre, forming short sleeves, over a satin dress, with deep berthe and flounce to correspond, have a very rich effect. Dresses of white tulle, or bouts, leathers, an damask or brocaria of gold or silver, are much admired, and have a very elegant effect. Generally speaking, all dresses of crape muslin, or gauze, crape, or tulle, have short sleeves and skirts, the upper one forming confusile or tunic, following the same fashion as the under one, and form toilettes of elegant simplicity. Flowers are very fashionable, and made in great variety, both in silk and velvet. Materials of gauze or crape for skirts of crape or gauze dresses, raising the tucks or rows of trimming, and placing on each one a wreath of flowers, or all white, with triple flounces are pretty for dress dresses.

Crape bonnets and capotes are being made ornamented with flowers, especially those which are intermixed with straw or gimp, and are of a delicate tint, American rose, blue and light green. Bonnets of puffs quipire will be amongst the earliest in request for spring wear, and the great fancy for velvet runners ornamented with velvet, and others have a narrow blood put on full at each side.

The evening coiffure offer many pretty novelties, the newest are the Marie Stuart, a net cap, embroidered with roses and leaves; the coiffure Louis XIII, of white satin, forming the form of a half square of lace in quite novel; the crescent front, and full half veil, the latter of white lace, ornamented by honey suckle, a sprig of which crosses the forehead, and falls on the cheek. The Marie Louise flowers are very fashionable this season and compose many pretty coiffures; wreaths are numerous, and widen into full bunches at the ears.

Clippings.

☞ The correspondence between the War Department and General Taylor, which was called for by a resolution of Mr. Phillips, Philadelphia, is published in the Union. There are several hundred letters and orders embraced in the correspondence.

☞ Senator Speight has on the reserved from his recent indisposition to leave Washington for Mississippi. Senator Lewis, and Messrs. Reid and Phelps of the House, are also much better.

☞ In Roseburg, (Va.) Miss Sarah A. Jeconet, aged twenty-two years, killed herself by taking cobalt. She was soon to be married to a man not her first choice.

☞ Elihu Burritt computes that the English have expended enough in fighting the French, to have bought the whole of France at £14, ses' $70 per acre!

☞ Governor Colby, at New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, the 15th of April next, to be observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer in that State.

☞ One thousand dollars a day (or $300,000 a year,) is expended from the City Treasury of New York, for the support of the Alms House Department.

☞ The beautiful residence erected by the taste and liberal expenditure of Joseph R. Ingersoll, at Bordentown, N. J., is to be sold at auction next June.

☞ A single drop of the oil of lavender put into a bottle of ink, will prevent it from moulding for any length of time. It is said.

☞ The largest known diamond in the world, is in the possession of the Crown of Portugal. It is valued at $15,000,000.

☞ There are, it is supposed, 300,000 Christians in China, who are not as yet permitted to hold public religious meetings.

☞ Judge Richardson, of Auburn, N. Y., last sixty-two sheep killed by dogs a short time since in one night.

☞ Marrying for money may be gold to the band, but it is lead to the heart.

Items of News.

Illinois Interest.—David Lamtit, Esq., President of the Illinois State Bank, in his report which has received from the Governor of Illinois, the funds necessary to make the second payment of interest on the debt of that State, amounting to the resumption tax act passed two years ago. The letters containing the remittances have been more than thirty days in passing through the mail, from Springfield to this city.

A Long Fast.—On the 20th of November last, twenty-six sheep, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Morton, of Bingham, Me., strayed from his farm and were buried in the snow; they remained thus without any food or shelter until the last of February following, being eighty-two days, when three of the number were found alive, and two have recovered and are doing well.

The Caterpillar Again.—The last number of the Fort Gaines' Whig says:— We have been informed by several planters that the fly which generally destroys the cotton plant, is expected to reflect, he been already seen during the few days of warm weather we have had this spring, an alarming indication that the pest will appear again in our short

Army Appointments.—By a list of appointments made by the President since the adjournment of Congress, it appears that out of 1543 Lieutenants and of Lieutenants, 41 Captains are from the three States to 75 from the free.—[*Union.*

White and Yellow Corn.—It is singular to observe the chance that has taken place in the relative value of white and yellow corn. Ten years ago, and for centuries before, the yellow was rated up five cents above yellow. Now the orders are for white, and the price has risen five cents above.

Webster and Calhoun.—Webster and Calhoun was said to be the two great rival statesmen which are to be the crowning effects of their lives. Mr. Calhoun upon a Treatise on the Principles of Government, and Mr. Webster upon a History and Exposition of the Constitution.

Heavy Damage.—Five thousand dollars have been awarded by David Taylor and six of his townsmen, from a Mr. Shipley, for slanderous charges circulated by the latter against the character of Mrs. Taylor, in relation to the death of her child.

Gone by Steam.—In a single hour the beer heats 1,000 times, discharges 7,000 ounces of blood, which passes through the body twenty-five times. In the same hour, the blood in the body corpuscles through the heart 600 times.

Corn.—The New York Express says that the corn crop of the south has been already over eight hundred thousand bushels, and there is every probability that it will exceed a million of bushels before the season is out.

Death of President Roche.—It is reported that President Roche died at Port au Prince on the 27th of February. Positions were exceedingly acute at that time, and commanding high price.

Heavy Damage.—It is said that Lord Palmerston is about to demand the liberation of 5,000 negroes, whom he affirms are English subjects, detained in slavery in the Island of Cuba.

Sale Interest.—Among the names attached to a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature, against the abolition of capital punishment, were no less than twenty rope makers.

No Rest for the Wicked.—Eppes, the supposed murderer of a young gentleman in Virginia has been arrested in New Orleans, having just arrived from Texas.

To Tobacco Growers.—There is an alkali existing in the leaves of tobacco called "nicotine," a poison, and which in its pure state would be fatal to animal life.

Liberality.—In Chicago, $7,000 have been contributed to the relief of Ireland and Scotland, a half dollar for every man, woman, and child in the place.

Speculations Ebbs.—Rider craft from the interior of Pennsylvania to New York are arriving on great numbers at Port Deposit.

The First Bird!—The first local of the season arrived at Pittsburg from Philadelphia on the evening of the 14th.

Suffocation.—A young daughter of Mr. Thos. Germans, of Pittsfield, was suffocated to death by smoke recently, and a little son came near a similar fate. The children had been locked in the house alone, and the carpet taking fire from the stove, filled the room with smoke.

Miscellaneous.

ON BETTING.

Bets are the blockhead's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His sense and his sagacity—
'Tis to confess your head a worse
Investigator than your purse,
To reason with a wager.

The fool who bets too high, will have
Temptation to cancel the laws,
And make his friend his martyr;
But they who thus would undertake
Entropy, may be themselves trepans'd,
And sometimes catch a Tartar.

Some sixty make the number many
And then propose with look demure,
The bet or stake to double;
Forgetting the while, that the more
The trick may have, the mule's a rogue
When betting is a bubble.

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Local Intelligence.

THE HARTMAN CASE.

On last Saturday Chief Justice Gibson delivered his opinion in the case of the Messrs. Hartman, who were convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions on a charge of conspiracy, in the affair of the Lancaster, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment each by Judge Parsons. The entire proceedings at the trial, and the motion for a new trial, reviewed, the Supreme Court holding that every count in the indictment was sustained, and that the conspiracy was illegal and void, and that the defendants did not appear to have committed any offence whatever. They were therefore discharged from the imprisonment on Saturday, at an early hour, and proceeded to their home in the country. Their feelings upon the occasion, and their sentiments in regard to the whole proceeding, are of a most natural nature, as the air of Moyamensing is considered decidedly more unwholesome than that of York county.

Fatal Phrenology Case.—In the Criminal Court Judge Campbell presiding, the jury in the case of Charles A. Dunbarker, charged with having obtained goods from Messrs Brooke, Tyson & Balch, under false pretences, returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the Court.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the week in this city were 318—47 adults and 57 children.

General News.

The Mormons.—The Mormons, who were last year driven from Illinois, have settled themselves in the Pottawattamie lands, 175 miles west of Montrose. Many of them enlisted and have gone to New Mexico, but the rest are encamped on the prairies.

The Mormons settled in Verre, Wisconsin, are in a state of anarchy and confusion, and all efforts to establish a government have failed. The number of inquiries daily at his hotel is great, and it is said a report from the palace it anxiously looked for. The span of life has already exceeded the three score and ten of the sacred volume, and the mental and physical wear and tear he has undergone during the last forty years show that his constitution must have been originally of the most vigorous kind to resist the disease so long. Two things have enabled him to preserve health to his long-remembered existence and exercise. All excitement during his from treasonable agitation, he is studiously temperate and whosoever opportunity permitted he indulged in as much physical exercise as his strength and time to command. His end is dreaming to a close during the seventy-ninth month since he first appeared in his country; and the diminution of the unprecedented popularity in which he has been held, and the striking commentary on the instability of favor based on flattering the passions of an excitable people.

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Brigadier General Brooke.—We have to upon good authority, that General the late appointments of President Polk, which we have not yet chronicled, was that of John Brough, of this city, to be a Brigadier General of the U States Army.—[*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Naval Stores.—The market generally has been quiet, and the transactions limited, at previous rates.

Oils.—The market has exhibited but little variation, either in price or demand, since our last report.

Rice.—The market is less firm. Small sales of good quality at 4¼@4¾ per lb.

Salt.—Sales reported of 1000 sacks Liverpool Ground, and 4 at $1.25@1.30 per sack.

Seeds.—Clover seed has been in only moderate request. We note sales of 50,000 bushels at $4.20@4.75 for good quality. Flaxseed is scarce, and worth $1.50@ 1.56, with small sales.

Spirits.—Sales of Rectific Brandy at $2.20@2.12½ per gallon for 81 bbls. New Orleans Rum, 45@50 cents. New Brandywine Whisky, Philadelphia, 1 bbl. Sales of 750 bbls Whiskey at 26c, and 100 bbls at 27 @28c— closing at the latter rate.

Sugars.—The market exhibited considerable animation early in the week, and prices are more firm at the close. Among the sales we note about 750 bbls New Orleans at 7½c; 110 Cuba Muscovado at 7¼c; 130 Porto Rico at 8¾c; and about 1000 boxes Havana and Manacas at 9¾ for white, and 7¾@8c for brown, on the usual credit.

Tallow.—Continues scarce, and prices nominal.

Teas.—The market continues to a fair extent, and prices are well supported.

Tobacco.—The supplies of Kentucky continue very light, and prices very firm.

Wines.—We hear of no sales this week.

Wool.—The market is quite good, and sales to a fair extent have been made this week at full rates. We note a sale of Merino at 32@c.—*Com. Bull. Reporter.*

Miscellaneous.

EFFECTS OF THE HIBERNIA'S NEWS.

The commercial article of the Ledger, states that as regards breadstuffs, the receipt of the Hibernia's news has had a considerable effect.

Flour was firm on 9th, with sales, and Corn Meal and Wheat exhibited a corresponding advance. Corn sold at 69 cents.

SALES OF STOCKS.

500 shares Morris Canal	15	
400 do. Reading R. R.	30¾	
100 do. Morris Canal	15	
22 do. Northern Bank of Kentucky	87½	
7 do. Chesapeake & Del. Canal Co.	57½	
$6000 Bch. Nor. 6's, 1867,	83	
$1000 Bch. Nor. 6's, 1868,	83	
$1000 Penna. 5's, 1877,	100	
$2000 Penna. 6's,	100½	
$1000 U. S. 6's, 1868,	107½	
$1500 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1870,	97½	
$1000 do. do. do.	97½	

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 900 head of Beef Cattle, mostly 272 from the western Pennsylvania and Virginia; 100 Cows and Calves; 500 Swine, and 1150 from Ireland, at market. Prices—Beef Cattle are in active demand, and prices of the better kinds have advanced 25c per cwt., at which we quote $6@6.50 for the best; $5.50@6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Sales of Milch Cows at $28@35; Springers $17@25, and Dry Cows at $14@21 each. Swine are in active demand, and prices have advanced 25c per cwt., at which we quote Pigs at 6@6½ per lb. Sales generally at $5.50 @6 per cwt. Sales of 1000 Pigs at 6@6½ per lb. Hay and Straw—There have been a liberal supply at market. Cows sells at 65a70c, and Timothy at 70a80c per cwt. Straw $3.75@4 per load.

Baltimore, March 12.—There were 650 head of Beeves offered at the market on Monday, of which 500 were driven to New York; 50 to Washington, and the balance, 100 head, were purchased by the butchers of this city and Philadelphia.

Prices ranged from $5@6.50 per 100 lbs. Gross, the Rev. Edw. F. Thwaites of Claymont, Ohio, to Miss Sarah C. Greenwood, of Richmond, Va.

Died.

On the 21st inst. Harriet, wife of Henry L. Clow, in the 47th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Charlotte, daughter of Lemuel A. and Maria C. Godey, aged 5 years.

On the 24th inst. Mary Ann, wife of Wm. Lockhart, aged 37 years.

On the 19th inst. Mary Hawkins Hankey, infant daughter of Thos. and Elizabeth A. Ogden, aged 1 year.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Thomas Hankey, aged 67 years.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob Wilson, aged 21 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Lewis Gaskill, aged 25 years.

On the 19th inst. Susan Hankins, aged 23 years.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob Hankins, aged 60 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Nugent, aged 62 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Thomas Nugent, aged 25 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Joseph Nugent, aged 30 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Ann Wilson, aged 21 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Thomas Wilson, aged 25 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Samuel Nugent, aged 28

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Sights of all that more may crave
To my human heart rejoicing!
Calling forth love's sunniest feeling;
Starting all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which mute,
Save us! more than words appeals to
Little knowledge now confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death!

Gives no light mind our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
Yes our souls on other eyes will

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that say brighter can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you shall make us—
Make us wise, and teach us good;
Make us strong for time of need;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our children's faces,
See ye gaze on nothing leaves
Only love in—only lead us;
Only let us know ye need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands!
Every day and realm increases
Let us march beneath your banner,
Win the legion of our home.
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again—
Save us, save! from our ordering!
Save from ignorance and rust.
Make us worthy to be men!

Save us to our weeping mothers,
Angel emerged in heart and love!
We need to be comforted and taught
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that cometh now!

Such the children's mute appealing;
All my inmost soul was stirred,
And my heart rose bowed with meekness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!

Hearth's Journal.

Pictures of Life.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

the admiration of the world—the fashionable world —would be ridiculous without all the luxurious adjuncts of servants, carriages, &c. Not hundred a year could not do it. Despair seized him at the idea of cutting a respectable figure from his establishment or one long from his coat. He knew too well that the lynx eyes of his dear fraternity would penetrate the disguise at an instant and triumph in his declension. His whole life having been birth erbe spent in pondering on the color of his chariot and cutting cool paper patterns for his tailor, he left that he could only live as he had lived, or die. He was inside-minded, but honorable. To get into debt was repugnant to him as to a gentleman, and he also saw that such a course would cover even whalm him with disgrace.

He pondered upon suicide, now that he might die without the feeling of a single ray from his glory; but he felt poignantly what a loss he would be to his fellowmen and the *haute monde*, by whom he was looked upon as a pure and unquestionable pattern card.

Amidst these dark ponderings, a sudden light broke in upon him. His resolve was taken. Bright and happy thought! If he could not shine all his life, he would shine last. He would illuminate this earth but as a star, appearing brighter from its occasional absence, which left the world in darkness.

That strange result he accordingly put in practice, by informing all whom he might concern, that he intended to travel abroad to improve his taste—not in articles of vertu, or by antiquarian research, but in studying the elegance of foreign manners and costume. He continued the payment of the guy during the remainder of the fashionable season in the metropolis, then fitted, no one knew whither, and no one had a right to ask. He had no living relatives, and the friendship among beaux is of that; quiet, easeful kind, that they feel or care little about each other in only of the outside.

Time wore on, and England's court makers had become busy. London again opened its eyes, and the fashionable season had arrived. With it returned our hero. But where was he—no one knew—since he came from no one cared—but there he was—the ornament of his circle—the admired of the admired. He was No.

Before the rainbow of fashion again faded from the sky of ton, he vanished like a creation of the brain, or the Cockney Tailors neglect, and ear rage-builders mourned. Season after season came and went—so did he. Age crept on him, but he still maintained his eminency among them by the longing of his sword and the tie of his cravat were patterns for imitation—of taking scuff was attained by very few—but to approach his elbow was a point and so did he keep up his appearance until he died—genteel.

But the secret of his being able to keep up such appearances was this—and it is no fiction that I am penning at the end of his performances—for a season, his carriage was purloined, and his borrowed valet discharged his hotel bill his embroideries were laid in defender, and departed, leaving the depth of the cloud that shadowed Bergin," which was a humble cottage near the seaside, where he boarded with a worthy couple for one time in year, and amused himself in his banishment by cutting out pastebrn for tailors in paper. Thus he lived a harmless, silly life, a victim to keeping up appearances, and died sentient that he had gained immortal glory in the fashionable world by his tact.

In some extensive but growing up of appearances in most continental, though commonly understood, and hardly wearing a veil. The young medical practitioner must keep up an appearance. He can scarcely ever succeed without a carriage. A wet umbrella and muddy boots impugn a want of ability. Consequently his arrangements for visits must be limited to pay for his horse's corn, and carriage wheels; his horse therefore, is like that which pay see, as a gentleman passed on one occasion—there are window curtains, blinds, brass cages, and brass plates, labelled "day and night"; but if you were admitted through the door you would find the same empty vast that exists in the aforesaid gentleman's house. All this adherence to quite necessary in the every-day world, and he could not rise without it.

Many a young clergyman and druggist is forced, for the sake of keeping up appearance, to lavish the whole of his little funds in his shop, to learn lone rows of bottles and jars, empty or filled with contents, but labelled with names denoting all the horrors of medicine. His inner room shielded from public gaze by the high shop counter and door and plain glass, is comparatively a den fortunated in the most scanty manner, being!

Choice Selections.

FRENCH GOSSIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COURIER DES STATS UNIS

Alexandre Dumas tells the following story of the Bey of Tunis and of Monteith late. A French vessel was driven by a storm out of its route into the harbor of Tunis. While the captain was waiting for the weather to change, the custom house officers boarded him and demanded their fees. They were answered that the vessel had cleared for China, and consequently owed them nothing. However, had to pay, but went at once to the Bey to complain.

Good Frank, said his highness, I am your friend and pity you from the bottom of your soul as my honor, that my tears may fall on your sorrows.

Sire—your custom house officers robbed me.

I do not believe. Pay me but the amount of your loss.

Good Frank, I know my officers robbed you it was my intention, but I cannot, give you justice.

Thank you, sire.

What kind of justice will you have, French or Arabian?

Sire, I have been to law in my own country, and that time will try African justice.

For a Frank, you are modest. God is great, Mahomet is his Prophet, and I am Bey of Tunis, what is your range?

Soup and twenty thousand Cotton Caps! that will do good Frank.

The Bey sent for the Vizier. God is great, said he, Mahomet is his Prophet, and I am the source of justice and of the King of the French. Let the cizer shout through the city that I shall send for any Jew seen without a Cotton Cap in it. Alas! Alas! There were twenty thousand Jews in Tunis, but not one Cap maker. Luckily, however, there was a French vessel in port with twenty thousand caps, and on the next day each Jew in Tunis had one of them.

The captain called again to see the Bey. How can I know you how I honor you? said he.

I have a Cotton Cap now, he did not know what more I intend to do for you; and the Bey said for his Vizier.

Listen, Mahomet is God's Prophet, let the cizer shout through the city, that I shall send for any Jew in whose possession a Cotton Cap shall be found.

The Vizier left, and the French captain was left alone with him, when he reached his vessel, all the Jews of this city came on board, and each successfully left a Cotton Cap upon the deck of the ship. The captain was not ungenerous, however, he repurchased the Cotton Caps at two sous a piece, and sailed for Tunis, where he received a present for the National Museum.—*U. S. Gazette.*

BILL MORSE ON CITY TAXES.

We noticed last week Porter's new work, called "A Quarter Race in Kentucky, and other tales illustrative of character and incidents in the South and West." They are excellent. Porter's last copy out, called "Bill Morse on City Taxes," not that it at all the best, but because it is short and pointed.

"Bill, who was a squatter," was induced by the unexpected death of an unexpected relative, who suddenly took sick, and had taken possession of a large property in Ranger.

The "gentleman of the green bag," who had travelled down to Squatterville, sent for him on the information, conducted Bill to Ranger, and then having examined well Bill's agent, left things to themselves. The following gentleman was appointed to take care of the estate, and having always plenty of money at his disposal, enjoyed himself without stint.

Among other visits the young man's his surplus cash found a ready passage, was a large tax, which in the course of the year was assessed upon him which he was presented, but the last line in the tax bill was not one to interest. After some moments attentive scrutiny of the article, he proceeded to the bottom of the long list of items, and read:

"I say, landlord," said he, "what's that?"

"That, Mr. Morse," answered the landlord, casting his eyes over the paper, "is a bill."

"A tax bill, measured Bill, regarding it with an inquisitive glance—"yes, but what's that?"

"Why," answered the landlord, "that's your proportion of the expenses of the city."

"City proportion?" said Bill. "What! does every one pay?"

"Certainly, replied the landlord, 'every one who has property.'

"Oh, I can *afford it*," said Bill, who was here to have a tender point; "I'll send and have it paid."

"The bill was settled, and in a proper time a second made its appearance. Bill hastened to the landlord.

"Look here," said he, in astonishment, "here's another of them tax bills."

"Of course," replied the landlord, "they come once a year."

"I'm mashed they be, cried Bill; "at the city goes in debt every year, does it?"

"Regularly," said the landlord, "it can't be helped."

"Well, then, blame me!" cried Bill, in high passion, '*if the city hasn't got one better business to do than to keep running up debts for me to help her out because I did it once, she'll find herself extremely mistaken——— I'll see her bursted up, before I give her another red cent!"*

THE STORY OF A FUKEER.

BY W. L. MCGEORGE, M. D.

A fukeer, who arrived at Lahore, engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Ranjeet Singh, the sovereign, and very desirous to put them to proof; for this purpose, the man was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment, the door of which was then closed, was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, which was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside of this a high wall, having the doorway built up with bricks and mud. Outside of the whole, there was placed a line of sentries, so that no one could approach the house. The strictest search were kept, for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of this period, the Maharajah, attended by his principal officers and several of his sirdars, and Gerard Venture, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to dismiss the fukeer. The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall; the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, the box containing the fukeer; the lid was then opened with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were crossed upon his sides, and the legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cloth was also placed on the crown of his head; a pig was next removed from one of his nostrils on this occasion, by the aid of a small forceps. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, that had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, was forcibly pressed, and held in that position with glow or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the heart through the breast bone, but it was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids closed, the fukeer was carried into the adjoining glow was applied to the latter. The eyelids presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now exhibited no symptom animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He was then exposed to the fresh air, and the legs again rubbed a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible. By-and-bye his speech was re-established, and he recognised the bystanders, addressing himself to the Maharajah, who was almost opposite to him, watching all his movements. When the fukeer was still further restored, the complexion of the feet was announced by the discharge of gas, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich piece of cloth was placed round his waist. Rupees were then announced by the discharge of guns